

DEAR TWINNIE, Here are some of our grade-school memories in celebration of our 81<sup>st</sup> birthday. HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!

Remember how, as small babies, we slept in **Snuggle-Ducks** that zipped up the back. Our hands were in “cups” so we could not suck our thumbs.

Remember how Mother had us in **harnesses** at the park so we would not wander away. (This is from a photo in the scrapbook).

Remember when we were small and Mother tried so hard to teach us to **spell the word, “toast”**. She said the letters, “T” “O” “A” “S” “T” over and over and had us repeat the letters again and again. Then, the next day, Mother showed us the written word, “toast” and asked us to read it. We didn’t have a clue what it said.

Remember we’d be in **swings at the park** and someone was pushing us? The swings had wooden bars across our laps so we wouldn’t fall out. You loved it. You were the Brave Twin who shouted “Higher, higher!”  
I was the Scaredy-Cat Twin who shouted, “Stop the swing!”

Remember when we were in kindergarten and Miss Hoffman, our kindergarten teacher, sent us both to the **Speech Teacher** because we couldn’t say our “S’s” very well. Also, we stammered. It was in speech class that the Speech Teacher commanded you, “STOP stammering! You are just copying your twin!”

Remember summer evenings at 3807 Van Ness Street in Washington, DC during World War II from age 5 to 12. Next door, white-haired Mr. and Mrs. Ettinger and their grown-up daughter, Mary Ann, plus their big white Husky dog, Chumey, would sit on the front lawn and we would walk over to see them, then run around on the lawn and **try to catch fireflies**.

Remember our neighbor down the street, Donald Owen Nutter who proudly stated, "my initials spell my name". We took care of his **turtle, Myrtle**, one time, but one of us stepped on Myrtle by mistake and we had to flush smashed Myrtle down the toilet. DON was not happy.

Remember when Mother sent us to one **ballet class** at Phoebe Hearst Elementary School and we worked and stretched and wore ourselves out that day. It was hard! Afterwards, we told Mother that we "hated" ballet, it was "no fun" and we would never go again. And we didn't.

Remember our summer at **Mr. and Mrs. White's farm** in Herdon, VA in 1945 when we were 9 years old? You had to go home early because you got sick to your stomach from eating too much corn. You and Mother were downtown in Washington, DC when **WW II ended** and you reported later the excitement of everyone hugging everyone else in happiness.

Remember when Mother had us **write our memories from the farm visit**. The newspaper published the write-ups plus our pictures plus a cartoon of you, the Brave Twin, slapping the runaway cow with a stick while I hid behind a tree. The 4<sup>th</sup> grade teacher put it up on the bulletin board.

Remember when **the war ended in 1945 and Daddy came home**. We shouted in alarm, "Mother, a strange man just walked in the front door!!" Daddy wore a big smile and his Naval officer's uniform. I ran and hid behind the couch. You were the Brave Twin and greeted him first.

Remember the **one surprise birthday party** that Mother gave us in (about) 5<sup>th</sup> grade. I couldn't come downstairs because my fingers were stuck together with bubbles of poison ivy and Mother said I was "contagious." So I watched from the upstairs bedroom window as kids played outside. You were having loads of fun with everybody.

Mother thought the kids' manners were horrific so that was our first and last party with kids.

Remember the one-act play, **The Little Lamp, we did during 6<sup>th</sup> grade**. I played Isabel, the mean girl who gets slapped in the face at the end. I think you were the "understudy". After that, whenever we had a fight, at home, Mother would tell me to flush "the mean Isabel" down the toilet. Lots of flushes.

Remember Mother sewing us lots of clothes after taking apart Daddy's old uniforms. She made us pinafores and also stripped skirts with "**secret pockets**". Nobody could guess that pockets were in the skirt because the stripes hid their existence.

Remember the drops of **cod-liver oil** that we had to drink in a juice glass after coming home from school. 5 drops of cod-liver oil in the summer and 10 drops of cod-liver oil in the winter. We would hold our noses and drink. YUK.

Remember when Mother **sewed huge brown bags for us to fill with autumn leaves**. We would earn a penny a bag. After our first fill, we called, "Mother, ready for inspection!" Mother came out, took one look, and said, "Why these bags aren't filled!" Then she would squash all the dry leaves down to the very bottom. We were hopping mad.

Remember going to **ice-skating on Monday afternoons** in (about) 5<sup>th</sup> grade. We met these twins from Norway named Malfred and Torel.

Afterwards we waited with them at the 5 & 10 cent store for our ride. They shoplifted items, thinking it "fun". We didn't and told Mother later.

Remember on the playground during the war when the kids surrounded Jules Laventhol and shouted at him, "**You're a Jew. You're a Jew**" and he cried. We didn't know what a

Jew was and asked Mother. She became very angry at those kids and explained that Jews are like anyone else.

Remember when we walked home from Phoebe Hearst Elementary School and the **patrol boys** wore white badges across their chests?

The put their arms out and we got to cross only when they put their arms down to show it was safe to cross. (No patrol girls at that time).

Remember when we played **kickball at recess** and we were always chosen first for teams (after Larry who lived in the Children's Home and was the best kicker).

Remember **lugging bags to the library** with all the biographies that Mother had read? While the librarian refilled the bag from Mother's list, we read books in the Children's section.

Remember the **linoleum floor** at 3807 Van Ness and how we could play checkers on the floor design? Other times we used chairs in the living room with a sheet spread over for our secret cave.

Remember **the scary cellar** at 3807 Van Ness and how we would not go down there. One day Daddy had us go down to the bottom, one at a time, and stand a moment. We came up screaming and stayed afraid.

Remember how we rode the bus together in the summer to **Rock Creek Park Day Camp** each day with our lunch boxes? We sat on logs in a big circle and sang songs like "Catalina, Magalina, Hootinsteiner, Walentimer, Hogan, Logan, Bogan was her n - a - m - e." Later we did crafts and lanyards.

Remember how Granddaddy came to visit one Christmas and gave us **“Sleepy Head” dolls**. You could unzip the back and pack your pajamas. One doll was pink and one was blue. We immediately argued that we wanted the blue doll. Mother and Daddy were mad and embarrassed. Granddaddy smiled.

Remember how Mother made **Granddaddy a “coddled egg” for breakfast** and we watched how he carefully cracked the warm egg and scooped out the insides. Later we named coddled eggs, “a Granddaddy egg.”

Remember how we first got the **measles** and then right after that, we came down with the **mumps**.

Remember how Mother would pour lots and lots of **wheat germ** into the stew so that we would stay healthy?

Remember how we lugged our ice skates all the way to our school, crossed over to the **tennis courts and skated on bumpy ice**? We also sled down the big hill, then walked back home in the frosty air.

Remember how we **dressed up for Halloween as little Chinese girls** at Mother’s suggestion. The night was dark, windy and scary with lots of yells from other kids.

Remember when our brother **Michael was born** and we taught him to climb up the stairs by saying, “Here mook, here mook,” as we moved his cup up to the next step.

Remember the **large wire pen in the front yard where Michael played** in a sandbox with lots of toys. We played hopscotch and jumped rope on the front sidewalk nearby. Remember how we **pushed Michael in a buggy to pre-school** called The Little House which was located right next to our elementary school?

Remember how we **learned to swim at the downtown “Y” at age 10**?

Mother promised us a prize if we would swim out to the pole held by the lifeguard. You, the Brave Twin, went first. This inspired me since you didn't sink to the bottom. Our prize was a book called **The Jolly Jump-up Family**. All the pages featured 3-dimensional cut-outs that "jumped out."

Remember how we went to a Girl Scout rally at the **Washington Monument** and Lady Mount Baton (founder of Girl Scouts) spoke to all the troops. We climbed the spiral staircase to the top of the Washington Monument and every so often we **spit down the stairs** to show how far we had climbed.

Remember when we **moved** from 3807 Van Ness Street in Washington, D.C.

**to the Naval Gun Factory**, Quarters D in Washington, D. C. ? A school bus driver named Perry drove us to 6<sup>th</sup> grade at Phoebe Hearst Elementary School.

Remember at age 12, Santa Claus came around on a truck, and we finally **got blue two-wheeler bikes**. We had been saving \$ from our allowance for the bikes and had about \$11 saved each. Mother made us pay her the \$ back.

Remember how **our sister Barbara married** Jack Tipton in our living room at Quarters D? Barbara had curled our hair for the wedding like the scrapbook shows. **Mother was pregnant with Peter** in that picture.

Remember how we **sold Girl Scout cookies** at the Admirals' houses and others at the Navel Gun Factory? Mother said, "Don't go inside any house."

Remember the **Fire Station across from Quarters D**. You/we broke the rule and went upstairs for candy from the fat telephone operator. Mother was mad.

Remember at Quarters D how **Mother started us typing** before we could go out and play with Mary Edson. Mother capped all

the keys with blanks. For lesson one we had to type “f-j” space for several lines. It had to be perfect.

Remember that we have known each other more than 81 years! This means I have known you and you have known me longer than any other relationship on earth. **Happy, happy 81<sup>st</sup> birthday to us.** Yea us! **Twinnies forever!**